Volume LXII CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1908 Number 4

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

"Joy is a duty"—so with golden lore
The Hebrew rabbis taught in days of yore,
And happy human hearts heard, in their speech,
Almost the highest wisdom man can reach.

But one bright peak still rises far above,
And there the Master stands whose name is Love,
Saying to those whom weary tasks employ:
"Life is divine when Duty is a Joy."

Henry Van Dyke in Joy and Duty.

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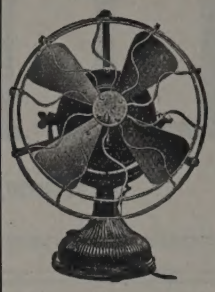

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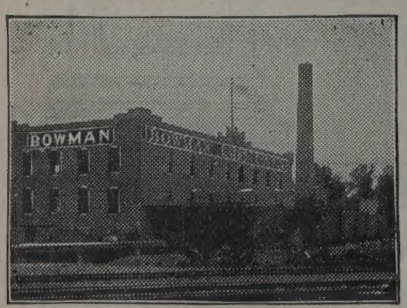

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VOLUME LXII THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1908 NUMBER 4

Joy in one's work is the consummate tool, without which the work may be done indeed, but without which the work will always be done slowly, clumsily, and without its finest perfectness.

—Phillips Brooks in The Joy of Self-Sacrifice.

"The Hall of Christ," which is to be dedicated next week at Chautauqua, is a happy thought, a beautiful symbol and significant of the times. It is to contain all available books that have been written on the life of the Nazarene or the interpretation of his message, as well as engravings of the great masterpieces of art interpreting the same.

"Christians Hindering Christianity in India." This is the title of an article in the *Literary Digest* of September 12th, treating of a complaint in a Calcutta paper. The title would be quite as significant if the word "Europe" or "America" were substituted for "India." The quarrels, rivalries and disputes that perpetuate sects, the pretended beliefs and the affected virtues that disgust the sincere are the most formidable obstacles to the growth of Christianity here as there.

The *Outlook* in a recent appreciative note on the death of Ira D. Sankey, the sweet singer of the Moody campaign, while acknowledging his evangelistic powers and the sweet pathos of "There Were Ninety and Nine," establishes a fearless comparison between the Gospel Songs, among which the Sankey tunes are on the whole the noblest, and the great "psalm tunes of the English and Scotch reformers or the chorales of Luther," to the great advantage of the latter, and adds this significant sentence:

"These 'Gospel Songs' created a school of religious music that has done much to deprive the worship of thousands of churches and Sunday schools of the fundamental element of reverence."

A most pregnant sentence. We are glad the *Outlook* has published it if for no other reason than that UNITY may quote it. The flippancy with which church-going is treated by the modern youth, the ease with which our boys and girls discard what flimsy church habit they may have acquired in their early childhood, is traceable, we think, not so much to the change of thought, not so much to the breaking down of old creeds, for they are being promptly substituted by nobler ones, as to the breaking down of reverence, which is the taproot of religion, by the inaptitude if not the incapacity to worship, which, in the last analysis is art in its highest expression. In the simplest act of real worship, poetry, music, oratory, architecture and drama, all unconsciously enter into and help make the impression profound.

We have already called attention to the remarkable but painful articles by Elizabeth Beardsley Butler in recent numbers of *Charities* concerning the Pittsburg industries, particularly as related to women and children. The cigar victims and the laundry workers have already been treated. The issue of September 5th contains an article on the cracker industry which, while not so distressing as the previous industries mentioned, still is sufficiently sad to spoil one's relish for crackers for some time. Here women and children in great numbers are employed; perhaps the average wage of the women will fall below five dollars a week. It is not so bad as it used to be, but why should it not be better? If indeed you need a (Uneeda) biscuit, why not pay six rather than five cents a package if that will secure more sunlight, more fresh air, a little shorter day and a little longer pay? Another article in the same issue of *Charities* is by Dr. Alice Hamilton of the Hull House, treating of industrial diseases, with special reference to those in which women and children are employed—the lead, arsenic and phosphorus industries are direct poisons. The textile, pottery, laundry, jam factories, canning works, to say nothing of the more murderous cigar and artificial flower industries, are charged with death. Gentlemen, let us suspend our theological disputings and political antagonisms for a while that we may devote our attention to such problems as will enable us to be fed and clothed more righteously.

Slowly but surely there is a New South forming, a South that is freed from the awful handicap of slavery and the no less serious handicap, the unthinking dread of the negro and the shameless injustice to the same that denies him such rights and privileges as his own personality at any given time and place may deserve, refusing to treat him as an individual, but persisting in treating each individual as a type, a representative of a hated and distrusted race. Such treatment of the Browns, the Joneses or the O'Kelleys would convict the perpetrator of cruel injustice. This New South is beginning to show its power of initiative. To it belongs the credit of leading in the "Dry" campaign. Birmingham, Ala., is a city of the New South and its mayor seems to be a conspicuous representative of the New South spirit. The *Outlook* for the 22d of August contains a most interesting account of Mayor Ward's scheme of securing the city beautiful. To this end he is promoting a "Block by Block" organization wherein the citizens

of each block organize within themselves for the advancement of their own block. In this work of course he looks to the women to take the lead, not only because of the greater leisure but because "beauty is one form that wealth takes," and women are in this day and age of the world specially appointed guardians of the beautiful. What can be done? How can it be done? Do these printed suggestions of Mayor Ward answer?

Pull down your fence. The city will haul it away and keep off the cows. If you can't be induced to part with it, fix it up and paint it.

Whitewash everything you can't paint.

Plant lawns, flowers, and trees. Wherever the ground shows bare, plant something green in it.

Exercise the same supervision over your sidewalk as over your front yard. Sidewalks are the index of the kind of people inside.

Trim up trees which are too low and which overhang sidewalks.

If there are any dead trees around, pull them up and start new ones.

Report anybody who mutilates or ties a horse to a tree. You get half the fine on conviction.

Plant a strip of green in bare places along sidewalk. The city will furnish street-sweepings if haul is not too long.

Cut weeds always while young and tender. It will save you money and please everybody.

When street or sidewalk is torn up and is not properly repaired, "call up" the Mayor's office and give the name of party responsible.

Report any unsightly object in your neighborhood. If possible, it will be remedied.

Don't let your dog bark all night. Think of your neighbor.

Call attention of all you meet to the idea of a "City Beautiful."

Encourage your children to help the good work along by training them to pick up papers, sticks, and other rubbish wherever found.

A few dimes and a lot of enthusiasm and determination will transform an unsightly back yard into a little spot of beauty.

Sweet peas, climbing nasturtiums, castor beans, hollyhocks, or even sunflowers, make an effective screen to hide old fences, sheds, or other unsightly views. For permanent screens use hardy shrubs, or the quickly growing vines.

You may have a window-box filled with geraniums, if you cannot have a grand yard filled with choice roses. The window-box can be made at small cost. The flowers will not cost you twenty-five cents.

VERY SPECIAL.—Keep sewer inlets free from trash. It saves your street from washing, and keeps the sewer clean. We have nine thousand, and the city must have help from the householder.

Easy Handling of Hard Subjects

The *Ladies' Home Journal* for September gives its first page to what it calls the "Editor's Personal Page." In large type we are informed that "the time has come to turn the light on an existing condition touching the American fireside, that will appal the average woman and girl." We are further informed that this condition of things led this magazine "nearly two years ago to insist upon a greater parental frankness with children about their physical selves."

This editorial "disclosure" is divided into three columns, treating respectively of "The Condition," "The Results," "The Remedy." In this revealment we are told that "sixty out of every hundred young men are today sowing their wild oats," and the result is the invalidism and mutilation of thousands of women, the deaths of untold thousands of unborn or new-born infants and the lifelong taint of disease upon the children who live, the direct cause of sixty out of every hundred new born blind babies, and unmeasured domestic unhappiness.

In the absence of exact information from the standpoint of an expert, the writer finds himself always skeptical in the presence of such figures and compelled to hope that they are exaggerated. In short, such a display of figures seems to us well nigh incredible, and still, such easy incredulity may only arraign our ignorance and convict us of criminal complacency. It is to be greatly regretted that such startling facts as these, if they be facts, should depend for publicity on the bold-faced type of current journalism instead of being put forth in a careful, authoritative and adequate manner by competent authorities. The figures upon which a just conclusion can be based and a wise method of procedure be established we fear are not in existence, and they can be secured only by systematic, far-reaching and persistent action on the part of the medical, legal and law-making professions. The physician class has a large civic obligation here which we fear they are unprepared to meet. The standard of professional secrecy, the confidences of the consulting room, and the immense army of specialized quacks, those whose business thrives upon the sins of men and women, and who consequently are in league with vice and the vicious rather than with virtue and the virtuous, render the securing of the facts in the case almost impossible at the present time, but they should be persistently sought for. Meanwhile, the facts that are known and the obvious situation are sufficiently appalling to command the gravest study and the plainest handling at the hands of those who have most to do in shaping public opinion and enforcing private and public morality, viz., journalists, teachers, and preachers. The editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* is justified in his frankness and his persistency, albeit to the credit of modern journalism be it said, the publicity given by the *Journal* is frequently met with in print and the reasons based thereon are urged with becoming dignity and earnestness in many ways.

We commend, without reservation, the remedy urged by Mr. Bok, viz.: 1. Greater frankness on the part of parents; more direct teaching of boys and girls concerning the physiological conditions of life. 2. The removal of the "diabolical havoc of a double moral standard"; the demanding on the part of the parents a clean bill of health of every young man who would lead a young woman to the marriage altar.

To these two suggestions we would give a hearty "Amen!" but at the same time we earnestly urge their utter incompetency and impossibility of enforcement to a degree that would secure the sanitation of society in this direction.

The mere informing of the mind concerning physiological conditions and consequences has, we fear, but the result. Facts feed the uncontrolled imagination; little moral potency; we fear quite the contrary is often

curiosity inflames the passions. The best informed are by no means the most virtuous in these directions. The physician class is in no way immune from the crimes of sex, and they who prosper by the passions of men and women find no more effective way of plying their trade than in certain subtle ways "disseminating desirable information." The "museums for men only" can scarcely be considered promoters of virtue, though the exhibit is grewsomely scientific, if their locations, proprietors and patrons are significant.

The truth is, opportunity enters more largely into chastity than the virtuous realize or are willing to admit. A preoccupied mind, a promoted interest, a simple diet and plenty of work are the most efficient safeguards of sex morality. The indolence that comes with wealth, the undirected vitality from high living, the artificial glamour of social attractions, the overfeeding and the over-dress, represent the unguarded temptations of high life. Passions are as violent in the country as in the city. The percentage of bastardy may be as great or greater. But disease is the curse of the city because opportunity there digs its hidden pitfalls in the way of the unwary.

Many have tried to grapple with inebriety and still allow the saloon to stay. They have talked glibly and wisely of self-control and the virtue of resistance in the presence of temptation. But in America at least there is a growing hard common sense that is recognizing the fact that the saloon is the great breeding place of inebriety, the most fertile source of the appetite which it undertakes to satisfy. It first creates and then feeds the passion for alcoholic stimulants. The same is true of the scarcely less insidious, disintegrating, devitalizing and character-blunting nicotine habit. The tobacconist has converted temptation into a fine art. He knows how to seduce the young boy by setting the nasty weed in an artistic frame. The delicate cigarette, the elegant cigar with its dainty holder and polite company, the meerschaum with the slippered elegance, represent the tricks of the trade by which the tobacconist makes his living and the mighty industry is created which exhausts the soil of untold acres, enlists the energies of millions of men and makes smoking respectable, a genteel accomplishment, by virtue of the arguments of popularity and respectability.

This suggests the scarcely assailed enemy of chastity. The source of the unspeakable disease is the brothel, and this remains, if not under the sanction, still under the toleration of the law, while the police force in all our cities are taught to persistently look the other way, and, as in Chicago, hundreds of government licenses to sell liquor are held by women who never take out a city license and with whom the police force, by the consent of the public, seldom interfere. Of these Chicago's mayor said not long ago, "Let the poor women alone; they have trouble enough of their own," though the nature of the business is well understood. So long as sexuality is made commercial, and it is well understood that in certain sections of the city there is a traffic in virtue, so long will the unwary be trapped and the innocent be corrupted—not simply the uninformed, the unsophisticated, but the well informed, the favored of society, as the facts of college degradations and university depravities, with which those who are in a position to know are painfully familiar, prove.

The same logic that is now widening the "dry" territory in America with such rapid rates is soon to be applied to the companion curse of the saloon, the brothel. "O, you can not make men virtuous by law!" you exclaim. Neither can you make men temperate by law. But, by the same token, you can stop the vice-making industries, you can stop the "business" in crime. When the god of Mammon and the "goddess Lubricity," to borrow Matthew Arnold's phrase, make common cause, then corruption, degradation and death are inevitable. It is the sordid element in men and women that takes advantage of the appetites and passions of men and women and coins the same into dollars and cents.

Nature has set a sure and safe guard upon chastity among the lower animals. It is only in human realms that unbridled license is possible. Society, the social compact, the organization of state, must establish the safeguards which nature, for causes and reasons too subtle for discussion here, has removed.

Before the end of the twentieth century the United States of America at least will have demonstrated that it is not only possible to banish from the city the saloon, places where carousing in intoxicants is justified and guarded by law, but that it is essential to the well being of that city so to do. And the same will be true in regard to the places of commercial prostitution. The brothel and the saloon are partners in the vicious commerce of modern life, and the one must go with the other. This vice and its feeders have been too much in the control of the more brutal sex. When woman, the greatest sufferer, the painfully passive victim, shall have come to her full power and right, she will be able to usher in the new regime of virtue. She may not be able to pluck passion out of the human body but she will help de-commercialize it and abolish the brothel by the same methods that banish the saloon. The tobacconist, the saloon-keeper and the promoter of harlotry are in fell alliance, however unconscious and unwilling this alliance may be, because the three take commercial advantage of the foul habits it is their interest to promote, and their success is commensurate with the slavery of their patrons, the helplessness of their victims.

In every man there are two parts: the better and superior, which rules, and the worse and inferior, which serves; and the ruling part of him is always to be preferred to the subject. . . . The just man does not permit the several elements within him to interfere with one another, or any of them to do the work of others. He sets in order his own inner life, and is his own master and his own law, and is at peace with himself.—*Plato.*

THE PULPIT

Barn Building

AN AFTER-VACATION SERMON, PREACHED BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES AT ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, SEPTEMBER 20, 1908.

I have not where to bestow my fruits. . . . I will pull down my barns and build greater. . . . Thou foolish one, this night is thy soul required of thee. . . . So is he that layeth up treasure to himself, and is not rich toward God.—*Luke XII:17-21.*

I have built me a barn this summer. The exigencies of Tower Hill require milk, and milk calls for cows, and cows must needs be sheltered. The interrupted farmer in me has asserted himself in the days of the gray hairs, and barn-building has been an interesting and, I trust, a profitable vacation pastime.

Fifty years ago, as I remember it, a cow-barn was a very simple thing. A few boards or even rails over which the straw-stack was built would suffice. Indeed, many cows were wintered on the sunny side of the straw pile with no shelter save such as they could find on the leeward side or in side-hill excavations of buildings devoted to other uses. Not so now. How to build an up-to-date cow-barn is an academic problem. Experts in many departments must be consulted, materials from many sources must be assembled, patented contrivances and materials of intricate and mysterious manufacture must be used.

I have been getting ready for at least two years for the building of this barn. The price of the plainest lumber has climbed in these days so high that it was simply prohibitive in my barn-building schemes and necessities. So the trees had to be found and felled on the place, and the accumulation of two winters' chopping was necessary before the traveling saw-mill would deign to come and make a "setting." In my boyhood the problem of the countryside was to get logs to the mill; now it is the simpler but quite as interesting problem of getting the mill to the logs. The product was a promiscuous pile of oak, ash, elm, poplar and basswood lumber and timber—a rough output compared with the neatly piled, edged and planed product of the lumber yard that is supplied from the cypress swamps of the South and the great pine forests of the far West, or the remnants of the pineries of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. But my lumber cost me $4.70 per thousand for the sawing, while the prices of the lumber yard range from twenty to forty dollars per thousand, and so my barn became possible.

My first story is built of stone, that had to be brought from the quarry, three miles away. The forethought that tried to arrange for the hauling of the stone in winter time when the roads were hard and the weather cold, miscarried, and much of the stone had to be hauled in the sweltering weather of the summer, incurring a free flow of sweat in men and horses. The upper story is frame, but suitable siding and shingles were too high, so, after the solid sheeting in rough boards from the home lumber yard, this barn was roofed and sided with felt paper, an innovation which awakened the distrust of neighbors. But my barn was small and was to be a preacher's barn; he could afford to experiment; nay, the missionary opportunity tempted, and so I ventured on the paper barn.

But to build a barn as becomes one in the full light of modern science and academic husbandry is serious business. It was mastering a new science; it was taking at least a short course in agriculture.

Here I found the resources of the State ready to serve me. A year ago the agricultural architect of the State University came, at the expense of the State, to help me build a poor man's barn that would carry with it the sanitation and conveniences the wealthy man's barn oftentimes misses. He gave the first outline. Then came conferences, more or less non-commercial, with inventors, manufacturers and dealers; questions of stanchions, mangers, ventilation, with its problems of intake, circulation and draughts.

There were economic questions to settle: Is it right or economically wise to patronize Chicago mail-order houses and save ten to twenty per cent of cost, while the local traders, the home industries, the village merchants, my old friends and neighbors, are thereby crowded to the wall?

Industrial questions were involved in the building of my barn: Would I build by contract or day labor? Finding an honest and skilful country carpenter, you find one of the most mechanically competent and industrially efficient workmen of modern times. I found such an one and trusted all to him, without contract or estimate, there being no labor unions to interfere, no walking delegates to watch. It was all one to him and his men, whether they shoveled sand, laid stone, mixed mortar, drove a team, connected pipes, painted, framed timber or laid a floor.

And so my barn grew, with its foundations of solid masonry. My good Welsh mason would have none of the American twenty-inch wall; nothing less than twenty-four inches, and the stone must be laid in courses, hewn and true, such as would befit a cathedral wall. Like the workers of old,

> "In the elder days of art,
> Builders wrought with greatest care
> Each minute and unseen part;
> For the gods see everywhere."

The upper structure is paper-covered and elm-lined, with its well lighted and ventilated mow for thirty tons of hay, and its hay-fork and track, to be handled by horse power, and below is the cow palace with adjustable stanchions, gas-pipe stalls, swinging metal mangers, separating-room and engine-house, and wooden slat platforms upon which my lady cow is to lie, protected from the chill of the cement floor just below.

All this for fourteen cows, the maximum capacity. For the building of this cow-barn forces had been directed, materials had been assembling, plans had been maturing and extra dimes and dollars had been surreptitiously snatched from the current out-flow and set apart in a barn-pocket, for over two years. This barn represents the conscious effort, the deliberate planning, of many minds, but who can tabulate the unconscious forces that culminated in this bit of a paper-covered, gambrel-roofed barn, built amid the bluffs in an out-of-the-way corner of Wisconsin?

These materials took shape and form within the limits of a summer vacation, but the lines that center in that cow-barn reach back through the architectural struggles of history. The purline plates, rafters and jack rafters, joists, studding and rafters, involve more geometry, mathematical calculation, knowledge of the bearing power, and the strains and the stress of joints and timbers, than the wisest man can compute. My barn seems to be the fabric of today, but it is older than the Pyramids. It is made possible by virtue of experimentations made six thousand years ago on the banks of the Euphrates. The castings on the bearings of my hay-fork carrier are illuminated with a long list of patents running back through many years, and behind each patent lie wakeful nights, distressing disappointments and anxious hopes. My felt paper cover,

for which I paid $1.95 per hundred square feet, is enshrouded in mystery, buried in secrets, guarded by bristling patents. I suspect it is some by-product of that commercial centipede, the all-conquering and now the ever-suspected Standard Oil Company.

So you see, he who would build a cow-barn today, for not more than fourteen cows, must make friends with all the arts; must count on all the sciences; must avail himself of the accumulated experience of the centuries, the common sense of the ages. There are rustless nails, ball-bearing wheels, poison gases that must be lifted up from the floor, fresh air that must be brought down from the ceiling, a dustless room for milk separator, separator test-tubes, Babcock's triumph, which tell awful tales about "robber" cows that look so comely, fat and strong, but who do not pay for their board, so thin is their milk, while, on the other hand, these tests often cover the modest, homely, obscure, runt-like little cow with compliments. Science has made the last of the herd first and the first of the herd last, in the estimation of the barn-builder.

This meeting of the sciences, this conspiracy of the laboratory, puts the cow in the lime-light, and the barn necessitates the reconstruction of the herd. Such a barn calls for cows that justify it. And so the barn-builder was busy this summer in studying pedigrees, problems of butter-fat, rations and ratios, the respective claims of Jersey, Guernsey and Holstein. As an immediate result, three adult cows were sold the other day in order to find money enough to buy one calf with which to improve the herd.

But the delightful trouble does not end here. Problems thicken, responsibilities deepen. A model barn, housing high-bred cows, even though it be covered with paper and fourteen cows make a herd, calls for masterly handling, a herdsman who will grace the barn and be able to manage becomingly the bovine ladies housed therein.

So the barn-builder must go in search of all this—the competent *man,* not a hired *hand* or a stable *boy,* but a dairy-*man,* one tutored of the schools, one who would love his charge and profit by the wisdom of the ages; one who could apply the latest inventions, profit by the experiments and use the formulas of the agricultural college and the dairy stations. All this must be found in the person of one who was still willing to work, and to work for farmer wages; and so the barn-builder laid hold of another modern contrivance—he advertised, advertised in the highest authority—*Hoard's Dairyman.*

"WANTED: Man and wife to work small farm, equipped with dozen cows and the usual complement of horses, pigs, etc. Good house, with fair wages, privilege of keeping cow, two pigs, garden patch, wood, etc. Well equipped poultry yard to be run on shares with the wife. Must be tidy and careful workers in and out of doors. Position open about September first. Address, Box 161, c|o Hoard's Dairyman, Fort Atkinson, Wis."

Thus ran the advertisement. Perhaps thirty who were anxious for the job saw the advertisement; answers came from Kansas, Kentucky, Minnesota, and Canada; a somewhat elaborate correspondence followed. The applicants were sifted until they were reduced to perhaps five who seemed desirable. The correspondence grew urgent, almost affectionate, but some one had to be chosen to make the leap of a personal interview, and a young man and his wife with their six-months old baby came all the way from Minnesota to see and to be seen. The applicant had almost completed the two-years' agricultural course in the University of Minnesota; he had been the confidential feeder for a time of the "animal husbandry professor"; he was born and raised on a western farm, schooled to labor, not afraid of work. The wife had been a country school ma'am; had had a year in a frontier college; she loved the farm and had had experience with chickens and incubators. There was mutual attraction; the bargain was made, and the man from Minnesota is installed as guardian of the cows and director of the new barn and its farm belongings.

And still, the ministry of the paper barn was not at an end. As the vacation drew to a close the preacher overlaid the farmer and the parable of the barn-builder, from which I have taken my text, began to haunt the brain and to pull at the heart-strings. The application was not very clear, the parallel not very close, and still somehow the sermon of the barn began to demand utterance, and this slowly shaped itself in the following form.

All this care and science, this caution and provision for the sheltering, feeding, breeding and training of a cow! All this splendid combination of discoveries, inventions, mechanical patents, chemical tests, laboratory contrivances—in the interest of a quadruped, an animal of the barn-yard. The interest culminates in her chiefly because, under this care, she becomes a more marvelous milk-producing mechanism, a more fertile source of butter and cream, the indispensable factor in the great cheese industry of the world. Why not? Sure enough! Cheese and butter and cream are wholesome articles of diet, and the improvement of cow conditions is for the purpose of increasing her product, which is to better feed the human world.

But there is something more than an economic element, something more than dollars and cents, more than food and drink, in my barn problem. Here as elswhere, beauty waits on utility; refinement and profit go hand in hand.

Many years ago I cut Paris short for the sake of visiting the island of Jersey and studying the daintiest of cows on her native heath. For generations that little island has centered its affections, its commercial interests, its claim to respect among neighboring peoples, upon its cows. Legislation, local pride, neighborhood rivalry—everything is made to center around the Jersey cow, the purity of whose strain is guarded with all the vigilance the state is capable of. No cow that has been allowed to leave the island is ever permitted to return alive lest the purity of the strain be adulterated by foreign breeding. And what an exquisite product is the Jersey cow, the lily of the bovine world! The gentle but alert eye, the delicately sculptured head, the gracefully curved, tapering horns, which have almost wholly passed from a weapon of defense into a matchless ornament! And then, the color, shading from delicate fawn to rich mahogany, and the slender tail with its ample bush! An artist may paint with pigment but no poet with words can possibly suggest the beauty of the Jersey. She seems to stand on the border-line where matter breaks into spirit, body takes on soul, the useful clothes itself with the beautiful.

"Treat your cow as though she were a lady," is the dictum which W. D. Hoard, the cow-loving governor of Wisconsin, has made famous. How could one do otherwise in the presence of a perfect Jersey cow? I always feel like taking off my hat to her and begging her pardon for my rudeness in staring at her.

The cow has improved the manners and to a degree transformed the morals of the western farm hand; the type of my boyhood, a profane, boisterous, banging hired man, has given place to the quiet, courteous, respectful and respectable barn man. The owner of

cows can not afford to have any other type of man around. The insulted cow resents the indignity promptly by lessening the flow and degrading the quality of that wonderful return she makes to man for his care and guidance.

Slowly but surely the cow is helping to transform society in the dairy regions of the West. Cheese factories and creameries are supplanting the country saloons which used to occupy the cross roads corners, and the traveler slakes his thirst with butter milk or fresh whey where he used to get his whiskey or beer.

Thus the cow becomes a minister of the beautiful as well as of the useful. In the construction of my barn the utilities alone were considered; the canons of severest plainness, cheapness and simplicity were enforced, but lo! to the surprise of everyone, the adequate windows, the provisions for air, light and feed, even the economic and suspected paper covering, with its battened joints and parallel lines, satisfy the eye, and the farmer neighbor and city visitor of Tower Hill talk about the "beautiful" barn. It certainly shames the slattern horse-barn, the ragged pig-pen, the inadequate carriage shelter, the disheveled yard with its clutter of tools and unwashed vehicles. As the barn approached completion I noticed that the men began to pick things up, and there is an increased motive if not an imperative necessity for the snatching of more dimes and dollars from the current outflow of the preacher's pocket book and putting the same away in the special barn-pocket, so that the barn-yard may not disgrace the barn.

The ministry of the barn will not only ameliorate the condition of the calves, but it will make the lives of the colts, the pigs and the chickens, the tasks of the farmer's wife and the surroundings of the new baby more comfortable, more humane, more righteous. If my paper barn transforms the Tower Hill barnyard, the zone of its influence will surely widen. Neighbors will take note. Other barn-builders have been watching the process and are already prepared to improve on my barn (my successes they will copy, my mistakes they will avoid); it is already advertising the "James patent swinging mangers," the "flint-surfaced felt roofing," the iron stalls and concrete floors, the patent milk-pails and the labor-saving contrivances looking towards neatness, economy and thrift connected therewith.

If the new barn is persistently lived up to, it will help uplift the county, contribute towards the reformation of the State, and help bring in the kingdom

> "Wherein no man can fail,
> Where whoso faileth and dieth,
> Yet his deed shall still prevail."

But there is a menace in the barn. I have not yet touched the sermon elements in the new barn which stirred the mind of the Great Preacher of all the world. He called the barn-builder the "foolish one," but if I read the parable aright, the offense was not in the new barn or in the plentiful store of grain and goods, but in the complacency, the social indolence and spiritual apathy which said, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry."

The sin of the barn-builder was not in the treasures that he had laid up, but in that he had laid them up for himself and was not "rich toward God." It is the satisfied ambition; it is the carnal indulgence, the materialized goal, the selfish life of the barn-builder that received the condemnation of the Master who rejoiced in sowing and sowers, who noted with pleasure the growing lily, the birds of the air and the beasts of the field.

Nature has long since passed beyond the quadruped in her supreme concern. The cow and all the wealth connected with her represent low rungs in the ladder of evolution, upon the higher rungs of which have long since been planted the feet of man. Today the battle line of creation is away up there, where human babies cry for pure air, where the children of men and women grow pale for want of nourishment, where souls grow faint, hearts grow sick, and minds grow vacant from over-work and under-feeding.

Well did the Master startle the barn-builder with the demand, "This night is thy soul required of thee. The things which thou has prepared, whose shall they be?" Miserable is the triumph that layeth up treasures for one's self! Alas for the treasure-gathering, the barn-building that leaves the man poor in the things of God, penurious towards the soul, indifferent at the very point where goods become precious and treasures desirable, where self is lost in the fuller life of the community and things are transformed into ideas, possessions into powers, wealth into influence and plenty into character, social potency, civic righteousness.

It is all very well to preach the gospel of the cow. I think it is well to build larger barns, particularly better barns, but only well when they make the soul "rich toward God," only well when they enlarge rather than stultify the builder, widen his sympathies, and increase not only his relish for food but his relish for good.

The quest of evolution today, as John Fiske said in his dying days, is the perfection of society, the development of the community, the construction of the State. And John Fiske did but tardily state, in terms of science, the purest, divinest declaration of the Nazarene Prophet, the Carpenter-Preacher, when he declared that the Kingdom of God is at hand, that its foundations are within, that it is the kingdom of justice and purity, brotherhood and progress. Mere plenty, bursting barns, never saved a soul, never upheld and ennobled society or secured the permanence of the state. The poorest, most deceptive test ever invented by the politician is the test of "prosperity." The man who will go to the polls next November, guided only by the desire for a restoration of "good times" or a perpetuation of the "prosperity" that now exists, is Devil-guided and hell-inspired. Not that prosperity is to be regretted; nay, it is to be much desired; but to be pursued as an end, to be taken as a measure of civic values and public righteousness, it is a delusion and a snare. Prosperity may in the future, as it has done so often in the past, mark the damnation of the individual, the degradation of the family, the disintegration and ultimate death of the State. Corinth and Ephesus, Tyre and Sidon, Carthage and Memphis, Babylon and Nineveh, Alexandria and ancient Rome, are indisputable cases in point, and it may be that St. Petersburg, Paris, London, New York, and Chicago will be added to the list before two milleniums more have been passed. Aye, they are doomed to join the list by a law as inexorable as the law of gravitation, unless they take heed in time and lay hold of the other law, as inexorable, the law of spiritual gravitation, the law that conserves ideas and ideals, the law that saves souls from the mortality of bodies and the decay of things.

My time is nearly gone; I have just arrived at the real sermon of my paper barn. How do easy triumphs

and our pride in them shame our deadly complacency, our awful indifference, the assumed helplessness and uselessness of soul-breeding, of society-housing and community renovation!

My little barn among the bluffs of Wisconsin, awaiting its little bunch of a dozen cows, inviting the triumphs of the breeder, rises before you and me this morning in accusing contrast to the wretched, rat-ridden rookeries, the solid blocks of fire-traps, in which Chicago men and women are living today, into which babies are being born by scores every twenty-four hours, places where no self-respecting breeder of Jerseys would harbor his calves, from which no health commission would accept the milk of the best bred Jersey cow, so infectious is the district, so unsanitary the surroundings, so corrupting to good milk and to good cows is the environment. And still, in such surroundings we are breeding men and women; aye, "breeding" is the word. How careful are we of the inheritance of a cow! how careless of the ancestry of a citizen! How wise are we getting concerning the laws of reproduction, the principles of generation, in the barn-yard! How reckless and defiant are we of the same laws at the marriage altar. Proudly, with pomp and parade, music, dancing and gifts, the capitalist of the boulevard gives his daughter in marriage to one tainted with a corruption, marked with a degeneracy, from the parallel of which he would religiously guard his brood mare. Today, among the most progressive sections of society, with the so-called "best citizens," the up-to-date men and women who form our so-called "best society," the laws of birth and breeding are more respected and better enforced in the stable than in the nursery.

Some of you, I am sure, have noted, as all of you should, the distressing, heart-breaking revealments of labor conditions, chiefly of women and children, in the city of Pittsburg, set forth by Miss Elizabeth Beardsley Butler in the current numbers of *Charities*,—the horribly unsanitary atmosphere and inhuman strain in which women and children by the thousands make the cigars for gentlemen,—if indeed such ever smoke "stogies,"—make dainty the laundry of "my lady" of the boulevard, and manufacture the crackers that reach the table of everybody, from the boot-black to the millionaire. And what is true of Pittsburg is more or less true of Chicago and every other city in America where great manufacturing enterprises and the attendant life of luxury exist.

Truly, we eat and drink to our damnation; we are clothed in unrighteousness, on the human side, to an extent that would ruin the dairy business and would supplant my paper barn with the fetid, mud-stained dung-holes of the primitive pig-sty.

But the gospel of the new barn cuts across social lines and arraigns with equal force and power the human husbandry on the "favored side," so-called, of society. O the social damnation, the human degradation, the spiritual and bodily debility, that so often go along with the greater barns bursting with the accumulated fruitage of wealth. I know not which is more to be deplored, the condition of the under-fed baby and the over-worked woman who dwell on the other side of the river and behind the yards, or the over-fed baby and the wickedly clothed woman who is exhausted in using up her indolence and justifying her extravagance, along our avenues and boulevards and the lake shore wards.

Surely both are to be pitied; nay, the conditions of both should be remedied. My paper barn in Wisconsin sends me back to my work in Chicago with my commission newly dated, my task freshly interpreted, which in brief is simply this: To join with you more effectively than ever before in applying the principles of good husbandry, progressive farming, to soul-culture, to society-farming, to tilling the fields of God, the fields of heaven, making ourselves "rich toward God," which is being rich in justice, in beauty, in righteousness, generous toward the things of the spirit, diligent in the cultivation of soul.

Last Friday it was my privilege to take part in the semi-centennial celebration of the great Lincoln-Douglas debates at Charleston in Coles county, the county into which, eighty years ago, a bare-footed stripling, a young giant, drove his four-ox team on the adventurous campaign from the wilds of Indiana to the wilder plains of Illinois. That ox-driver was Abraham Lincoln. During the year's work that we are facing, we are to celebrate the semi-centennial of that battle of giants between Lincoln and Douglas, the greatest tourney ever held in history on the political field, and also the centennial of the birth of the great Emancipator. How fittingly to celebrate the great anniversary is a matter of high discussion. His birth-place is to be rescued from neglect and indignities; tablets are to mark the sacred spots which he enshrined; poets and of the *Review of Reviews* is that the nation should build a great highway from the State House at Washington to Gettysburg, broad and ample enough to invite the traveler, from pedestrian to automobile; a "Lincoln Road," to be embellished with statues, shaded with great trees and made hospitable with drinking fountains for man and bird, horse and dog; a great "Lincoln Way," which, like the Appian Way that leads to Rome, will bear the great name through the milleniums to come with ever increasing beauty and deepening gratitude.

It is a noble suggestion, one which not only the nation, but state and counties, cities and townships, may well act upon. Let every civic unit have its Lincoln Road, representing truly a HIGH WAY over which generations will travel.

We of the Abraham Lincoln Centre are confronted with a high opportunity; I hope I may say, a commanding inspiration. This Centre, in brick and mortar, steel and concrete, is our contribution to social barn-building. Like the man of the parable, this ground brought forth so plentifully that we had nowhere to bestow our fruits, so we pulled down our old barn and built a greater one wherein we might bestow our grain and our goods. Our triumph in "Lincoln" barn-building has been approved by a consensus of the competent, by the endorsement of this community. But alas for us should we say, "Soul, now take thine ease; eat, drink and be merry!"

In such moments let us hear and heed the voice of God speaking through the anguish of little ones, through the cry of the orphaned whose parents are still alive, of the widows with unburied husbands and the widowers with undivorced wives, the famished souls, the starving minds, the confused consciences about us, exclaiming in the stern tones of the Day of Judgment, "Foolish one, this night is thy soul required of thee. Thou hast been laying up treasures for thyself and art not rich toward God."

This barn on Oakwood boulevard, like its humble paper child on the Wisconsin river, three miles from the whistle of an engine, is a challenge to work, an invitation to usefulness, an arraignment of indolence, a demand for further spending and new consecration.

Our next work is to build a "Lincoln Way" that will reach all the way from this Centre on the boulevard into the dismal shacks of the poor, of the outcast, of the despised negro, the distrusted Jew, the abused "Dago," the ridiculed yellow man, aye, also to the forlorn, neglected, abandoned hermits of the boulevard, the imprisoned intellects in the cells of dogmatism, the darkened chambers of bigotry and superstition, those who are afraid of the light which hurts their blinking eyes, so accustomed to the shadows. The "Lincoln Road" that we are to build must go straight into these needs and agonies. Thus only can we become "rich toward God" and justify our barn-building and worthily use the contents thereof, which, whether they produce the milk that nourishes the body or the milk of human kindness that sustains the soul, belonged to God before they belonged to us; they were his before they were ours, and they are ours only when we devote them to his work.

This or something like it is a part of the sermon that the barn built in a vacation preaches to me, and I have faithfully tried to pass it on to you.

Harvesting

O harvest rich with golden grain!
O white fields waving in the sun!
Abundant treasure is thy gain,
And beauty crowns thy wide domain,
Weighted with wealth the year has won.

The autumn sky with sunset glows,
The yellow leaf and amber cloud,
The wheat-fields white as winter snows,
Kindle with joy that amply flows,
And weave the old year's gorgeous shroud.

And thus, in life's inviting field,
Lie harvests of ungathered good
Of finer worth and larger yield,
Filling the human hand that wields
The sickle for diviner food.

Thus, burdened with the heavy wheat
Gleaned from the whitened fields of earth,
Thy sheaf will symbol be complete
Of triumph and of labors meet
Whose gathered good hath precious worth.

And flowers, as well as wheat, will grow
Where human love flings out its light,
And every path we tread below
May fragrant be, and beauty know,
Evolving day from darkest night.

O brother! thrust thy sickle in,
And suffer nothing to be lost;
Pile high with precious fruit the bin,
The angel-reaper's crown to win,
Whatever be the cross or cost.

Raise up the fallen by the hand,
Inspire with hopes the heavy heart,
And let thy soul with love expand
Toward all men, in whatever land,
From selfish aims or deeds apart.

The throbbing heart, the earnest life,
The good intent and purpose true,
Will find an open way, and rife
With every good unshared by strife,
And needed work for all to do.

O friends! true reapers let us be,
Despising not the gleaner's grain,
And scatter blessing wide and free,
Bearing good fruit on life's fair tree,
Singing life's song with glad refrain!

—*A. Judson Rich.*

The history of man is essentially zoological; it becomes human late in the day,—and then in the beautiful souls, the souls alive to justice, goodness, enthusiasm, and devotion.—*Henri F. Amiel.*

Henry M Simmons

AN ADDRESS BY LEWIS R. LARSON BEFORE THE UNITARIAN MEN'S CLUB OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., SUNDAY, SEPT. 6, 1908.

"Truth is the best thing in the world." That utterance of Henry M. Simmons, published in his sermon "New Leaves of Scripture," was the inspiration of his life. The limits of this occasion permit me to simply sketch what I would otherwise like to elaborate, how that inspiration manifested itself in his public character and career.

The delightful, faithful, loving, patient, cheery, unselfish and simple ways of his private life I will pass by.

He was born August 20, 1841, and died May 26, 1905. His life was therefore passed in a period of great changes in almost all departments of human thought and endeavor. Darwin, Spencer, Tyndall, Huxley and other men of science in England and almost compeers in other lands during his lifetime published their great works that so profoundly influenced, not only the scientific, but also the philosophical and religious thought of the time. In whichever of the chief languages published, he could read them in the original. He was familiar with these men's writings, and many of their facts he observed for himself. Few who were not naturalists by profession learned so much natural history by personal observation and investigation. He had a seeing eye. Jenkin Lloyd Jones tells of him that while riding along a country road in Wisconsin, intent on reaching the end of the day's journey, Mr. Simmons saw, distant from the roadside, which Mr. Jones could not distinguish from the plants around it, a very rare plant which he had long been vainly seeking, and was overjoyed at finally finding.

Henry Simmons realized that knowledge is power. From his youth up he devoted himself to its acquisition. With Bacon he seems to have taken all knowledge for his province. He had a mind with a wide range of great capacities, in a body that permitted hard and protracted mental labor. And few men have worked as he worked. He became a very learned man. It has been said, with only slight exaggeration, that he could have gone without special preparation into the classroom of any professor in our university and taught his class as well as, or better than, the professor himself.

By his deafness he was shut off from music and the acted drama, and from much social intercourse that, with his kindly disposition and brilliant conversational abilities, would otherwise have taken much of his time. That he added to the other time he gave to observation of nature, to reading and thinking and to putting his thoughts in words for those who would hear or read.

And how wide and accurate that observation, how extended and exhaustive the reading, how profound the thinking and how expressive his language, those who heard or have read his addresses can testify. Any address of his will demonstrate those qualities in him beyond their possession by most men thought worthy by competent critics to be compared with him. It would be a delight to you all, I know, should I read from his writings in illustration. But read yourselves his last volume. If anything I say here should move any to do that who have not read it before, or any who have read it to read it again, you will be amply paid for hearing this address, as I have been paid for writing it by rereading, this past week, "Tables of Stone," in part preparation for what I say today.

But these intellectual qualities, great and admirable as they are, and whose consideration is necessary to

any adequate understanding of the man, are not his chief claims to our attention. It is not because of them we are observing his birthday. Brains alone do not get posthumous popularity. High use of them only gets that.

Caleb Cushing, the great lawyer, United States senator, cabinet officer, brigadier-general in the Mexican war for the extension of slavery, was undoubtedly a much greater intellect than was William Lloyd Garrison, the abolition opponent of that war. I am not informed if any public monument stands to the memory of the general, and, if there does, it will not long keep it alive; while on ground over which "the broadcloth mob" led him with a rope around his neck stands a statue of the abolitionist erected partly by contributions from sons of members of that mob. But if our country endures, the abolitionist, notwithstanding the general's superior intellect and his varied, distinguished and very useful public services, will be gratefully remembered by generations of his countrymen long after the general is forgotten by all except special students of American history.

It is not processes, but results, I wish to emphasize. It is what our subject found in his search for truth and how he used it that I would now call attention to. And the limits I have set myself, in fairness to our friends who are to speak of the two other heroes whose lives we are considering today, and to you who are to hear them, will compel brevity and many omissions, some that those of you who knew him best may consider almost unpardonable. He was strong and good in so many ways that I can not even touch upon them all.

Parenthetically I will refer to some delightful qualities in Mr. Simmons manifested in speech and writing. His wit and humor, never caustic or cruel except when cruelty was its subject, not only relieved the strain of serious talk but was argument for his theme. Those of you who have read his writings have observed many instances. I will recall one, that I may hang on it a tale.

Mr. Simmons used to quote the comment on Edward Everett's prayers that they were the most eloquent ever delivered to a Boston audience. Those who attended Mr. Simmons' services know his idea of prayer by his practice. An inspiration for the best in motive, thought and conduct expressed in the simplest way. And he was marvelously clear and simple. I wish that some of the best of those prayers had been taken in shorthand and preserved to us.

Once at a University of Wisconsin commencement I was sitting beside Justice Cole, afterwards chief justice of the state, when Mr. Simmons made the prayer at the exercises. At its conclusion the justice turned to me and said: "That is undoubtedly the most inspiring and the best production we will hear from that platform today." It must have been impressive to have caused the justice's comment, for he was an undemonstrative man. I remember nothing of the prayer, except there was in it a petition that the hearts of those there gathered might be moved toward peace. He considered war "the sum of all villainies," to quote another's expression.

Mr. Simmons' alliterations (I have seen no better in any writer), fitted into the body of the composition so perfectly and were so full of meaning that frequently you did not notice them at all. It was the thought, not the expression of it, that held you. And when noticed and examined, the words seemed the only ones possible to give the meaning of the writer, so clear and expressive were they. But often they were undoubtedly chosen instead of other words equally meaningful but that would not be so apt to stick in the ear of the hearer. Here was shown, as in many other ways in his writing, the literary artist. And that he was—one of the greatest in our day and generation. He knew that manner was matter, and often said so in his sermons of other things as well as speech.

But I must drop these minor matters, or I will not get to the chief.

A few sentences before the one I quoted in beginning this address, Mr. Simmons wrote:

"Many of the worst things in history have been due to ignorance alone, and would have been impossible in the light of a larger knowledge and thought." So he dedicated his great learning and great abilities to dispelling the ignorance of men as to God, nature and man, and especially as to what ought to be their relations with and their attitude toward one another.

He knew his qualities. He knew he was not fitted to reach the masses directly. Therefore he labored the more diligently that he might influence those he could reach. Them he did influence greatly, and many of them were select men and women, leaders in their several communities. And in that way his influence was wider than maybe he thought from the few personal evidences that came to him, or from the size of his audiences. In the course of any single year of his ministry in Minneapolis, not a few non-residents, in coming to the city or passing through, hastened their coming or delayed their departure that they might hear Mr. Simmons on Sunday.

He was a preachers' preacher. His brother clergymen, many orthodox, as well as liberal, read his sermons at every opportunity, and many have said that had they been so situated that they could be they would have been in Mr. Simmons' congregation. You have heard one say so today. A few years of his sermons made a liberal education.

Notwithstanding his modest estimate of his own abilities—a conspicuous trait in him—he had faith in the power of the truth he spoke to eventually make its way to the hearts of men. He said: "Again and again in history have a little band of men, with truth alone to help them, vanquished all opponents. It is so in science—and Copernicus conquered the church. It is so in morals—and Garrison won the victory. It is so in religion—and Christ will yet conquer Christendom. For in days of discouragement men may think

"'Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.'"

"Men who stand erect for truth and right need never count their company, but can be assured that, however weak they seem, they have as their allies time and eternity, the Universe and God." In that faith Henry Simmons lived and died. So whatever of importance he believed true he confidently advocated, whether it met the approval of the members of his church or of the people outside. He never took the census before taking his position on a public question that he considered had an ethical quality.

Two documents he intensely believed in, The Sermon on the Mount, and the Declaration of Independence, with the anti-slavery part left in as originally written by Thomas Jefferson.

He believed that a people have the right to govern themselves, as John Hay said before he became secretary of state to President McKinley, "even if they do it ill." The statements, either true or false, of the

advocates of annexation, as to the conduct, the ignorance and the incapacity of the people of the Philippine Islands to govern themselves well, did not move him. He believed implicitly that in the long run government by all the people of any country means better government than government by a few, even if those few are all intelligent, educated and wealthy. He knew the worst government on earth was the Russian, in which no illiterate and no poor man had a part. Not believing in the government of a people by a part, he believed less in the government of one people by another, no matter how capable or disinterested that other, so he opposed with all the intensity of his nature the acquisition by his country of the Philippine Islands and the keeping them after they were acquired. He joined the local anti-imperialist league and became a vice president of the national organization. At the first anti-imperialist meeting in this city, on December 12, 1899, he made an address which he entitled "History of our Philippine Relations as Told in Official Records." It is masterly, as any who knew him would expect it to be. I venture to say that it is as fine a contemporary summing up of the facts which history will write as a condemnation of this country, as the future historian will find.

The next day local papers and distinguished fellow citizens said the participants in that meeting were traitors and ought to be hanged to lamp posts. Had they been threatened before the meeting with the fate of traitors and expected it in case they went ahead, whoever else might have been deterred, no one who knew him would have expected Henry Simmons to refrain from making his speech. He would have made it stronger, likely. He was of the stuff of which martyrs are made. He would not have swerved a hair's breadth from the line he thought right to follow.

Had he lived a little over six months longer he might have read the message to Congress of the strenuous Roosevelt suggesting independence for the Philippines, delayed a generation. Not the immediate independence which he advocated, but a marvelous advance on the "benevolent assimilation" of McKinley which he condemned. The step already taken is much longer than the one left.

Following the Paris treaty, whereby we acquired the Philippines and other island possessions, press and people, here and abroad, heralded us as "a world power." Mr. Simmons believed that we had lost our position as a real world power such as he would wish us to be—the leader among the nations for "government of the people, by the people and for the people," and had measurably become like the despotisms of earth. So he wrote, or maybe he rewrote, "The Sin in a Census," to lead us back to old ideals. He made no specific application of it to his own country. He did not need to. It would have more influence without. It applied itself. He sometimes was tactful as well as fearless. In that address he said: "For not only Israel, but every good movement, must beware of pride in numbers, and trust only to the truth of its principles." Whenever a nation or denomination forgets this and begins instead to be vain of its size and to think of its census, it falls into fatal sin. When its leaders, instead of aiming at justice and right, begin to 'number' their following, Satan is always there, urging them to it, and rejoicing in his success."

I have given so much space to Mr. Simmons' work in the anti-imperialist cause because his conduct showed he considered it most important work, and hence an account of the part he took in it is necessary to a proper judgment of him. And the little of argument for the correctness of his position I have incorporated I have not meant as argument, but as indicating his viewpoint. Though my views were and are the same as his, I have not meant to obtrude mine.

Mr. Simmons' anti-imperialist work was more, but it was also a particular exhibition of his general opposition to war, which Jenkin Lloyd Jones, his most intimate friend and who of all men knew him and his work best, says is his chief claim to the gratitude of posterity. And Mr. Jones is a discriminating admirer. The commencement prayer I have mentioned was another exhibition. He never missed an opportunity to say a word for peace and union. A discourse much longer than this could profitably be given to that subject alone, so I must content myself with the particular instances I have given and this simple reference.

Could he have lived until the centennial of our treaty with England of disarmament on the great lakes, referred to by him in one of his published essays, he would have given the world two great addresses worthy the man and the occasions—one on that centennial, the other on the present voyage of our fleet of battleships around the world. I think I see him now—exultant in the one and condemnatory in the other.

Mr. Simmons' anti-imperialist position, differing from the majority of his congregation and the majority of his community, shows the quality of the man. Several of the leading members of his church left it on account of it. Had they all threatened to leave he would have said his say just the same. He was not like the ordinary clergyman, who speaks against only individual sins and then does not, like the prophet of old, name the individual sinner. Such preaching may win present popularity, but not after fame. The preachers against institutional sins alone gain that. But Mr. Simmons sometimes even named individual sinners. He took Henry George severely to task for, as he believed, an unjustifiable attack on Herbert Spencer, although the president of the local single tax league and many of its members were members of his church and in the congregation and heard the censure of their prophet.

Mr. Simmons was in favor of free trade chiefly because he considered it ethical. He considered the policy economically sound too. A favorite expression with him was that he could not see the sense of dredging out harbors to let trade in and then erecting customs houses to keep it out. He tried to hasten the day when in his country the inconsistency would no longer exist.

In this, too, he went counter to his parishioners, a majority of whom were protectionists.

He was one of the greatest optimists who ever lived. Why? He had the best basis for optimism ever announced by man. He saw in the first cell, as told in his great sermon, "The Cosmic Roots of Love," the beginning of love with power and potency for development and growth, which he traced through the eons since and gave its different manifestations. Read for yourselves, those of you who have not already read it, and read again, those of you who have, what I believe is the best exposition of the hope of the final redemption of mankind from sin through love to be found in the same compass anywhere. It is incredible that the love which he shows has so far worked for good in the world should not make it better and better through the ever extending future. In that address he said:

"I fancy there may yet come some poet philosopher

who will commence his ethical study, not with Scripture, not even with human souls or solar systems, but back of them all, with the first movement of matter toward union. He will read in the lines of the gathering nebula a heavenly scripture already revealing the law of love, and in every star a text in prophecy of Christ. He will simply trace this cosmic principle of union through its advancing phases in creation."

A poet philosopher certainly wrote those lines and the address which contains them, and he left little to be said by the successor of his fancy.

In the intelligent and indefatigable search for truth, and in the unselfish, devoted and fearless application of it when found, which were the glory of Henry M. Simmons, is the salvation of the world.

The Faiths of Liberalism and Orthodoxy

It is taken for granted among many orthodox and some liberals, that the position of orthodox theology necessitates great faith, while the basis of liberalism needs little faith or spiritual imagination. Let us test this assumption by taking as standard and typical the things most commonly believed in the two schools of thought.

Jesus is of such colossal importance in his own individuality and in his influence upon the environment of this age, that the battle ground naturally is laid about the conception of his nature and teachings. To the orthodox Christ is divine by nature and unique, to the liberal he is divine by nature, as also is every other man born into this world. Both at present make his characteristic teachings preëminent, at least professedly.

The orthodox puts great stress upon the Hebrew Bible as *the* word of God. The liberal also believes the Bible of the Hebrews to be a word of God, and that all the other Bibles of the entire human race are words of God.

The liberal simply multiplies the orthodox theory of the incarnation, making it one out of a great number, and not isolated. The orthodox conception precedes the liberal conception, as the laws of thinking are insistent upon the concrete before the abstract.

Devout orthodox believers "apply" the terms *Brother* and *Sister* to all who have "accepted Christ." True liberals endeavor to apply these terms to all who "accept Christ" and all who do not. For the Fatherhood of God to the orthodox is by adoption, or through the merits of Christ. To the liberal it is by nature, or the natural condition.

Vicarious atonement becomes to the liberal vicarious suffering.

Perhaps the necessary preparation by evolutionary processes has not been made for us western folk to understand the universal doctrine of man's brotherhood. Lacking a sense of humor in theological inconsistencies we are continually making ourselves ridiculous by our professions and attitude toward other nations. Demanding a large and growing navy for punitive purposes, and praying with serious faces to be forgiven our sins as we forgive others sinning against us, must make the angels laugh at the Angles. In a Washington paper, the North Carolina peace conference is thus naïvely explained: "The peace society is comparatively a new organization which is expected to spread all over the country. Its objects are to promote peace through international arbitration, and to equip the country with vessels and munitions of war."

Salvation by belief in Christ who is the truth, is the cry of orthodoxy. Salvation by a working belief in the truth, is the slogan of liberalism.

Continual progress of the best, and the partial sovereignty of God, is set over against the ultimate progress of all and the complete sovereignty of God.

If these generalizations approximate the truth, is it not a logical inference that the faith of the consistent liberal must be broader—and should bear more fruit—than the faith of the equally honest and consistent orthodox? CARLYLE SUMMERBELL.

STUDY TABLE

Notes

A tidy volume, full of the literary atmosphere—so rare nowadays—comes from G. P. Putnam's Sons. It is "Shelburne Essays," by Paul Elmer More. The flavor of these essays does not carry us back to the Boston period with Lowell and Thoreau, neither does it leave us with Irving and the New York circle. We are getting the daybreak of a new literary American era. The volume is full of terse passages, and the range of topics fairly describes the cosmopolitanism that will command the coming school of writers. It opens with the Greek Anthology; follows this with a capital essay on The Praise of Dickens, another on Philip Freneau, another on Thoreau; and these are followed by The Centenary of Longfellow, an appreciative essay on Donald G. Mitchell, another on James Thompson, another on Chesterfield. All these charmingly take us out of the field of buying and selling, and ask us bluntly if we are capable of the literary spirit, or are so converted or perverted that we must leave our Emersons, Thoreaus, Lowells, Homers, and Miltons hereafter to grow musty on the shelf while we are reading over Bradstreet's and Dunn's reports. For one I anticipate a sweeter and sunnier atmosphere for the middle of the twentieth century.

The Magazine of History, published by William Abbott at 141 East Twenty-fifth street, New York, opens its June number with a paper entitled "When the Population of Boston was One," and it closes a very excellent list of articles with another chapter from Paulding's "Dutchman's Fireside." To my taste this is the first novel ever written in America that remains readable.

The *National Geographic Magazine* for August is just as good as its predecessors, and that means that it is one of the most invaluable of all our monthly publications. Every number is about one-half illustrations, all of the highest order. The present number illustrates New Guinea, also some of the islands of the Pacific.

The Outing Magazine for September is the best number Mr. Whitney has ever sent out. He is steadily bringing this magazine up to the front. An article on "Farming the Seas" and another on "The Mystery of the Salmon" are invaluable. We are furnishing Mr. Whitney a calendar series of "Country Home" articles. These are practical enough to help the crowd now pushing out of the cities. I do not know that the article is any the worse for being dumped into an ollapod of "Little Stories." I shall take my readers to Florida during the winter season.

E. P. POWELL.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Tower Hill Notes

The weeks since the close of the summer school have passed with few events worthy of note. Occasional walks and drives have given variety, and the Hill dwellers have looked daily upon the ever-changing beauty of a summer landscape. But these quiet weeks have been the harvest time of the year for reading. One may read in the busy whirl of city life, but it is only in the leisure of the country quiet that one may "plunge headlong into a book's profound" and bring up the full sparkling measure of its content.

Among other writers of fiction William de Morgan has been much in evidence. His "Alice-for-Short" and its sister volumes have been begun and abandoned as unreadable by some, read and tolerated by some, and devoured with a keen appetite by others, while C. Hanford Henderson's quaint and inimitable "John Percyfield" has been read and loved without a dissenter, so far as heard from. The exquisite love story is never quite out of mind, but the book is incidentally rich in modern sociological problems handled neither from an academic nor from a "slumming" but from a humanitarian point of view, and teems with universal experiences—a book to make any contemporary novel-writer mad with envy. Charles Rann Kennedy's "Servant in the House" has attracted timely and deserved attention, "Mr. Crewe's Career" delighted us with its far-sighted optimism and its fund of good sense and humor and the inevitable crash of Mr. Crewe, such a crash as is bound to come in the good time coming to all of his political ilk, and among books outside the category of fiction and drama, William James's "Pragmatism," with its half-quizzical and wholly delightful rendering of abstruse philosophical problems into the vernacular of the world outside college walls, has been of valuable service to the lay mind, and the illuminating life of Alice Freeman Palmer, by her husband, has quickened and nurtured the minds and souls of its fortunate readers.

All summer long the "Conductor" of the Hill has been divided between his pastoral and literary pursuits and the superintending of the building of a handsome barn for the happy housing of his cows and horses, who are henceforth to live, like the ladies and gentlemen they are, in a spacious, many-windowed apartment, secure from the blasts and snows of the bleak Wisconsin winters. This barn is stone-foundationed, paper-sided, felt-roofed and cement floored, and is the admiration of all visitors.

And now, as the end of the Tower Hill season arrives, plans are already brewing for another year. Three new private cottages are arranged for, one to be built this fall, the others in the early summer of 1909. And beginning with next year we are to be no longer dependent upon the Spring Green mail service, for Tower Hill is to be accommodated with its own summer postoffice.

On Sunday, September 13, the pastor preached his annual sermon in the Hillside Valley chapel, and on Monday, the 14th, the annual business meeting of the Tower Hill Company was held and officers were elected and plans formulated for the ensuing year. And the little band now in possession of the Hill will break camp during the present week and return to the ways and duties of civilization.

E. H. W.

September 14, 1908.

Tower Hill

We come to thee, oh, Tower Hill,
Thy message in our hearts instill.
Teach us thy lesson large and strong,
Attune our hearts to thy sweet song;
Then will our lives in purity
Flow on through all eternity.

And yon far hills of Boscobel,
What story does your blue haze tell?
We gaze and wish and long
To learn the burden of your song.
Grant us thy peace, enchanting spell
Wafted to us from Boscobel!

Thy valleys broad, thy rivers wide,
The grandeur spread on every side
To us a mental picture gives
Which lasts as long as mem'ry lives.
May inspiration gathered here
Give added strength from year to year,

And may all living brighter seem
As of thy beauties oft we dream,
Thy influence, let it prevail
When bitter doubts our hearts assail.
Let your calm strength our spirits move
And may our daily lives improve;
And wilt thou grant us that we may,
As we go out on life's highway,
Bear with us on the busy street
Thy blessing to the friends we meet;
Give something of your glad uplift
Which makes through darkest clouds a rift,

And our least acts will better be
Because we have communed with thee.
And thou, the fount of all that's good,
True source of noblest motherhood,
Grant us the power to see thy way
Of living on from day to day;

To accept the good, eschew the bad,
Our hope renew, our souls make glad,
And as we leave this blessed place
We pray that time may ne'er efface
Our highest thoughts of life and love,
And may our every action prove

Our aim is high. Give us thy calm serenity,
Great boon to all humanity;
Let us drink in our utmost, till
It fills the heart and binds the will
To its best work; thus shall we prove
Worthy a place in thy dear love.

Let your calm strength our spirits move
And may our lives each day improve,
For thus we learn to choose the way
That leads to bright eternal day.
Into our hearts thy love instill,
Oh, Tower Hill, fair Tower Hill!

MARY PENDERGAST VYE.

St. Paul, Aug. 31, 1908.

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   Evelyn H. Walker.
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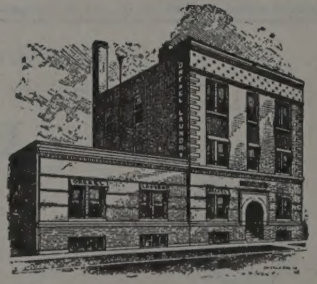

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